



L I F E   A N D   D E A T H

# PROMETHEUS™

2 OF 4

DAN  
ABNETT

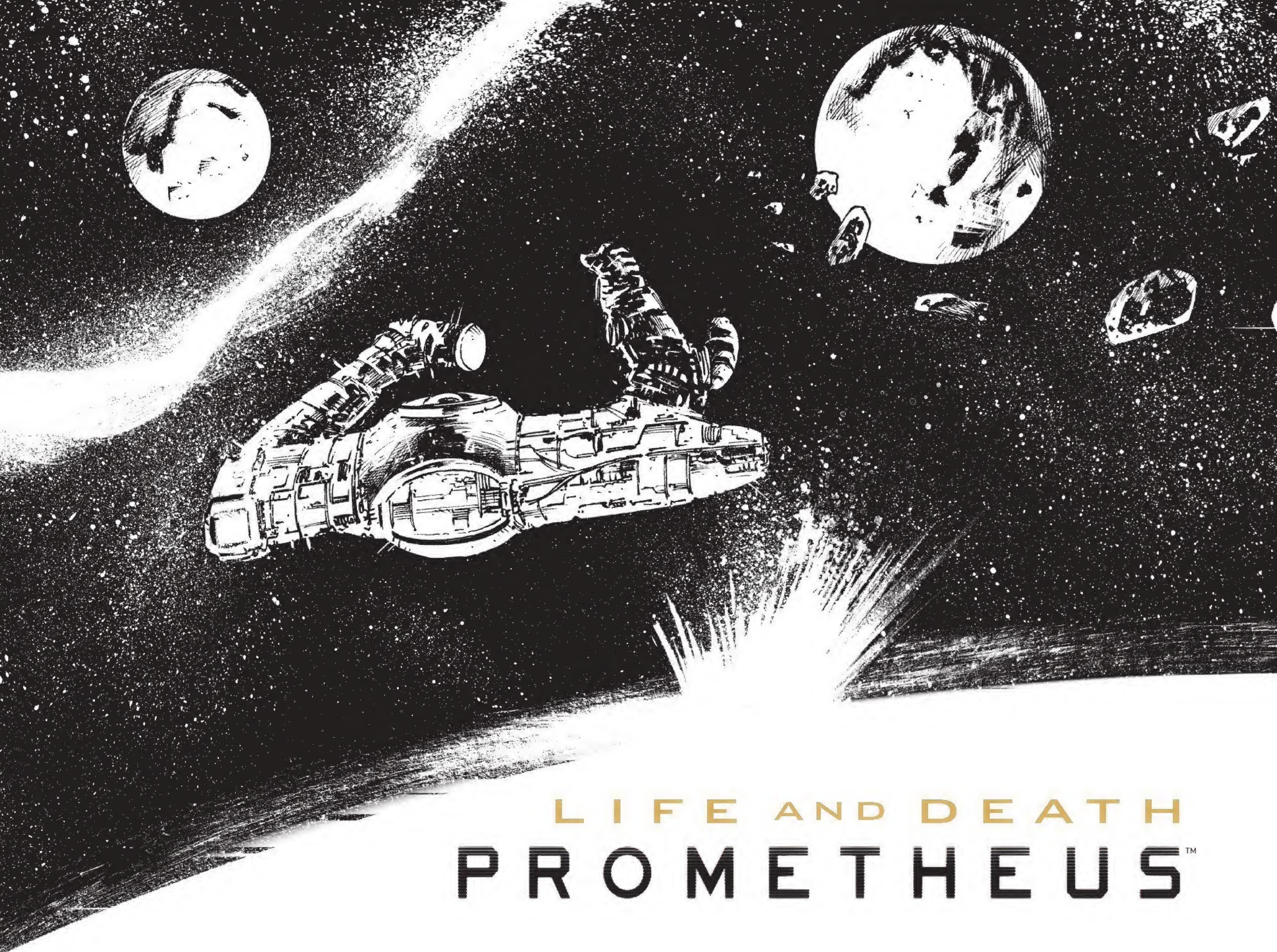
ANDREA  
MUTTI

RAIN  
BEREDO

ON A WORLD OF  
FIRE AND STONE!







# LIFE AND DEATH PROMETHEUS™

SCRIPT **DAN ABNETT** ART **ANDREA MUTTI** COLORS **RAIN BEREDO** LETTERING **MICHAEL HEISLER** COVER ART **DAVID PALUMBO**

## PART SIX OF SEVENTEEN OF **LIFE AND DEATH**

This story takes place approximately forty-three years after the events in the motion picture *Aliens* (and just over a year after the events in the *Fire and Stone* story cycle).

After a pitched battle with a group of Predators on the planet Tartarus (LV-797), a squad of Colonial Marines and some survivors from an ill-fated Seegson Corp. mission managed to secure—and launch—a mysterious horseshoe-shaped alien spaceship.

As the rest of the marine company returned to their own ship to escort the captured alien vessel back to Earth, the humanoid pilot of the alien vessel awoke from stasis. Helpless against the pilot, the humans onboard hid within the bowels of the ship while its pilot changed course—leaving the marine vessel behind and heading for a remote world known as LV-223 . . .

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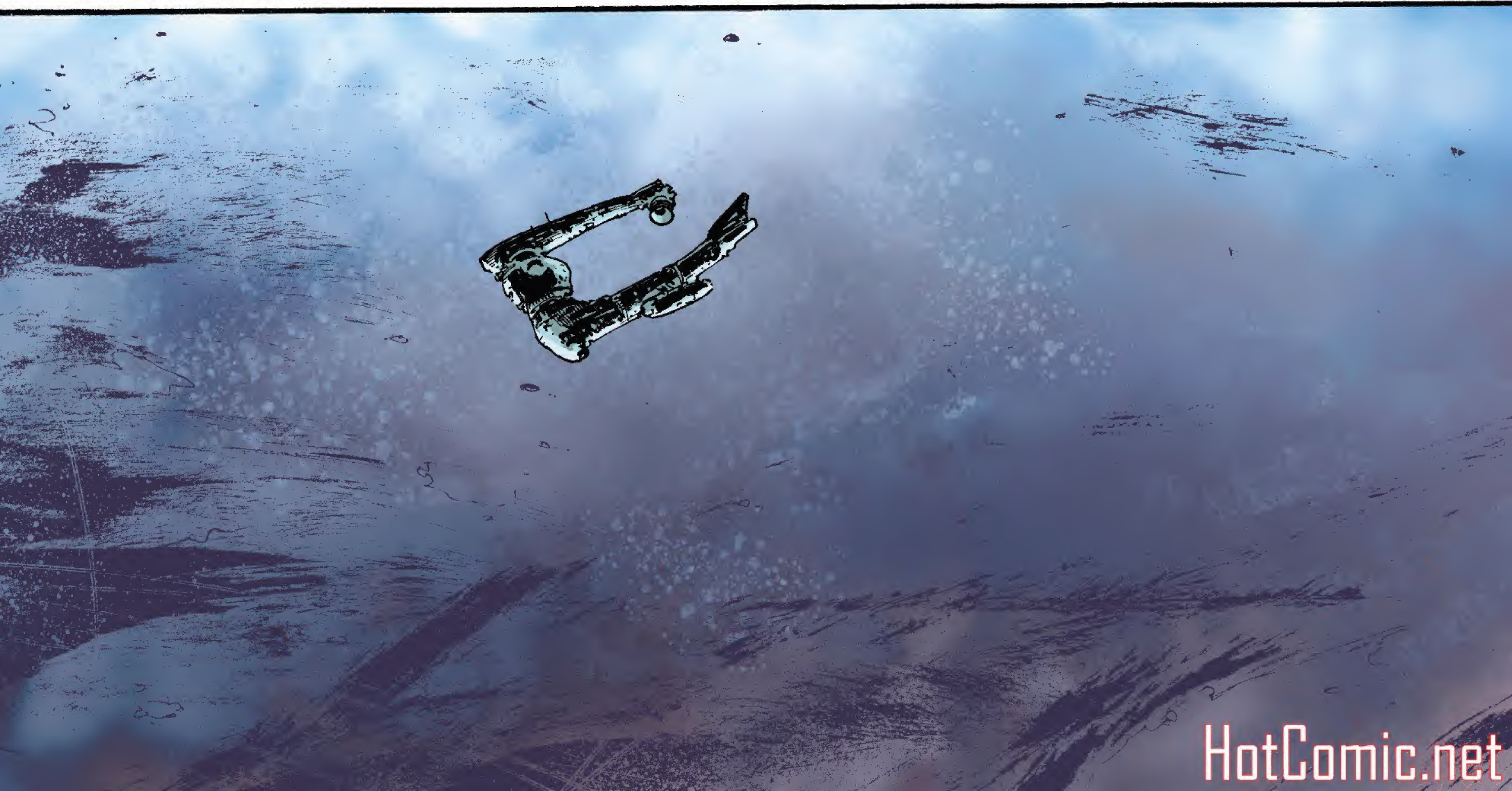
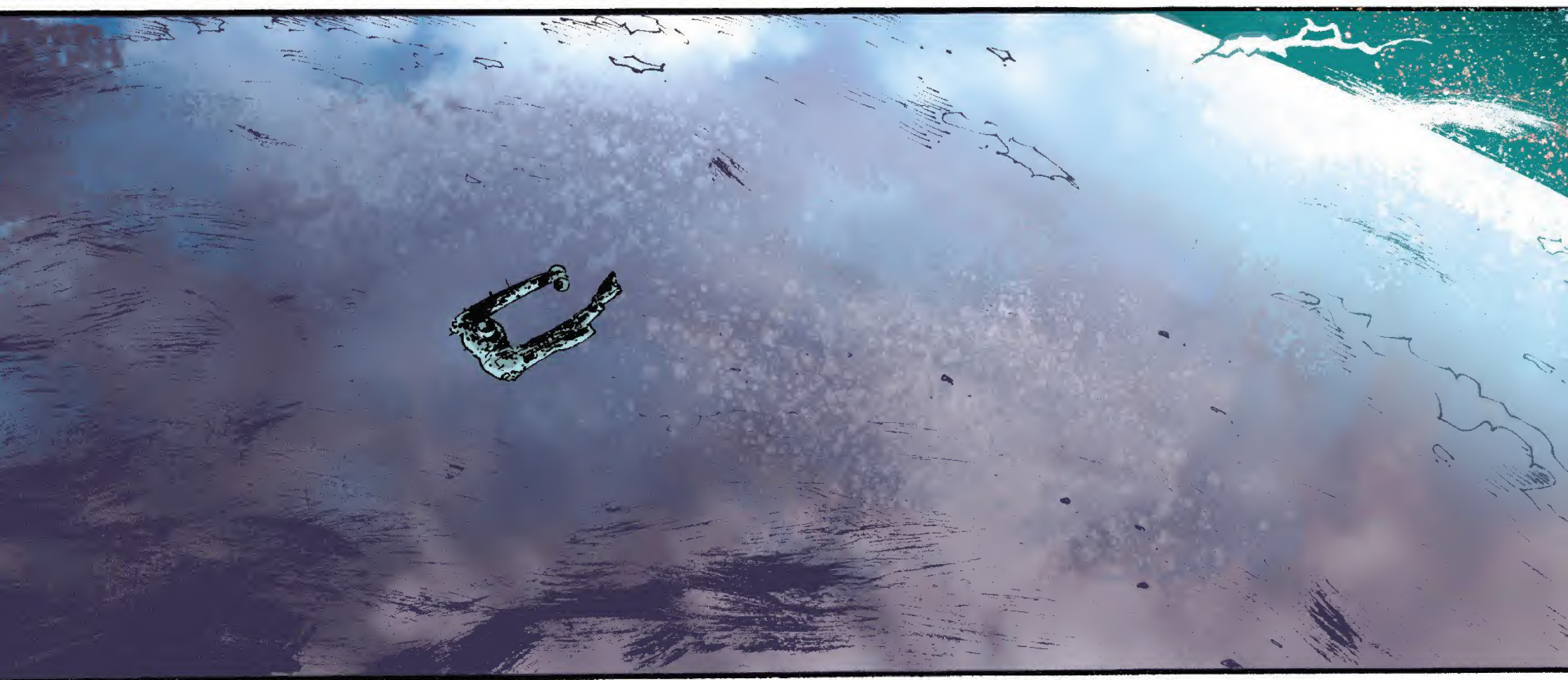
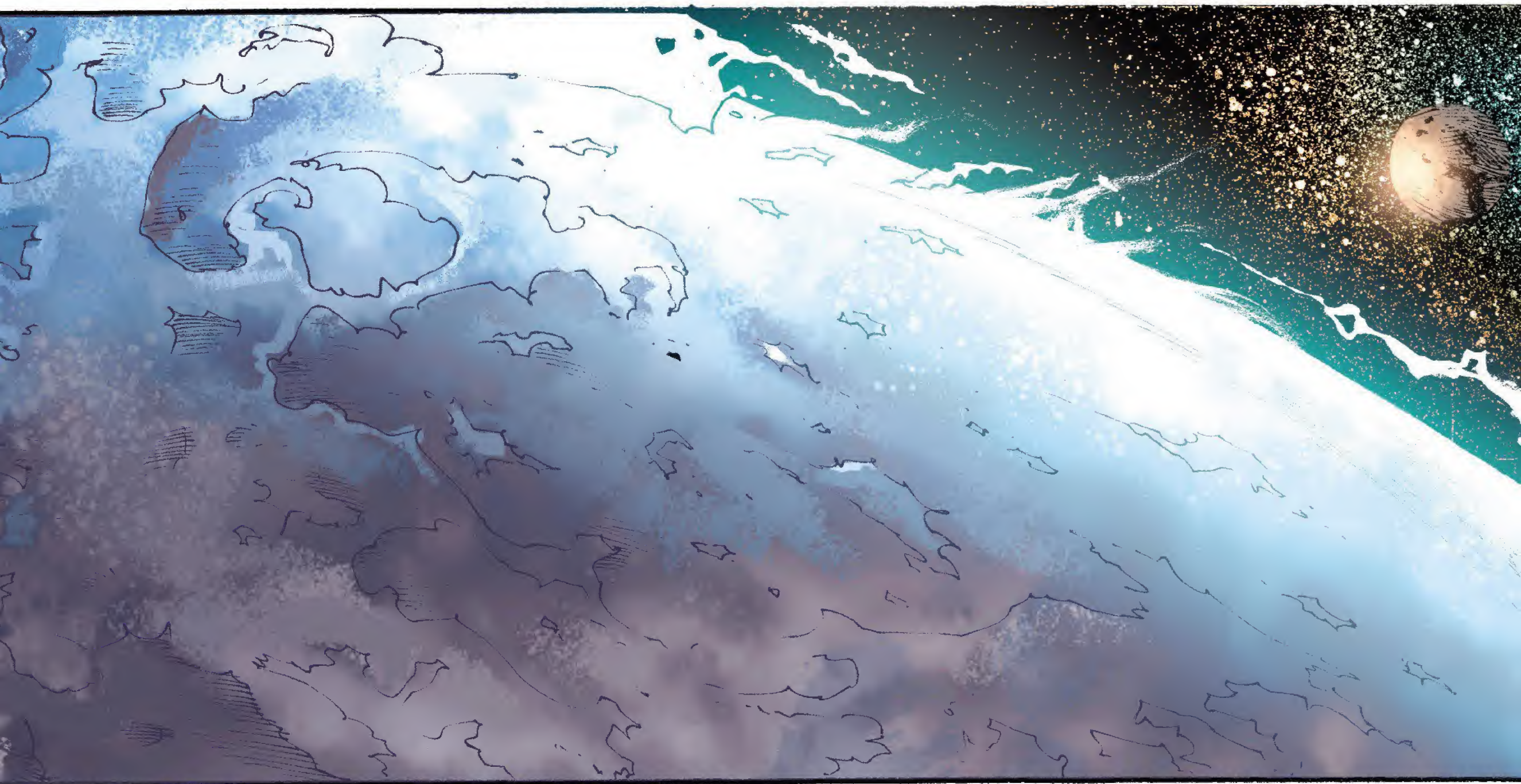
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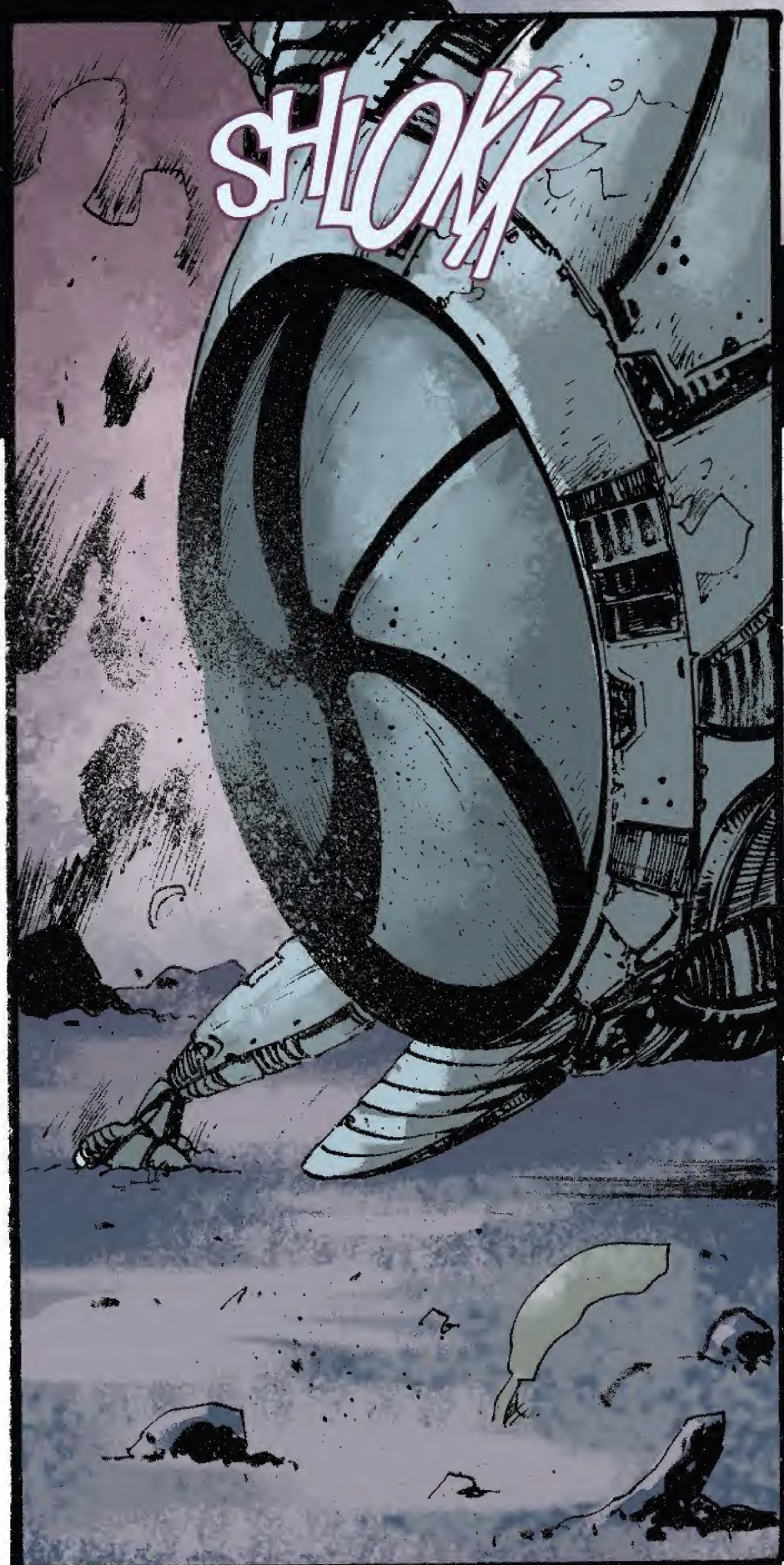














"...THEY'RE BACK.  
THEY'VE GOD DAMN  
WELL COME BACK."

"PLEASE, GOD, TELL  
ME YOU'RE JOKING."

"SORRY, KID. THAT'S  
THE WAY IT IS. I'M  
LOOKING AT ONE  
THROUGH MY SCOPE  
RIGHT NOW. A GOD  
DAMN ENGINEER."

"I CAN'T...I JUST...NOT  
AFTER EVERYTHING. I  
CAN'T FACE THEM AGAIN  
TOO. WE'RE SCREWED."

"C'MON, KID. BUCK UP.  
WE'LL GO TELL THE  
OTHERS. WE'LL MAKE A  
PLAN. YOU KNOW HOW  
GOOD YOUR CAPTAIN  
IS AT MAKING PLANS."

"I...I GUESS."

THAT'S  
MY GIRL. CHIN UP.  
WE'LL GO BACK, MAKE A  
PLAN, AND GET THROUGH  
THIS LIKE WE'VE GOT  
THROUGH EVERYTHING  
ELSE, OKAY?

'KAY.

HEY, HOW  
LONG HAVE WE  
STAYED ALIVE ON THIS  
ROCK, AGAINST ALL THE  
GOD DAMN ODDS, HUH?  
HOW LONG?

OKAY,  
OKAY. WE'LL  
GO TELL THE  
CAPTAIN.

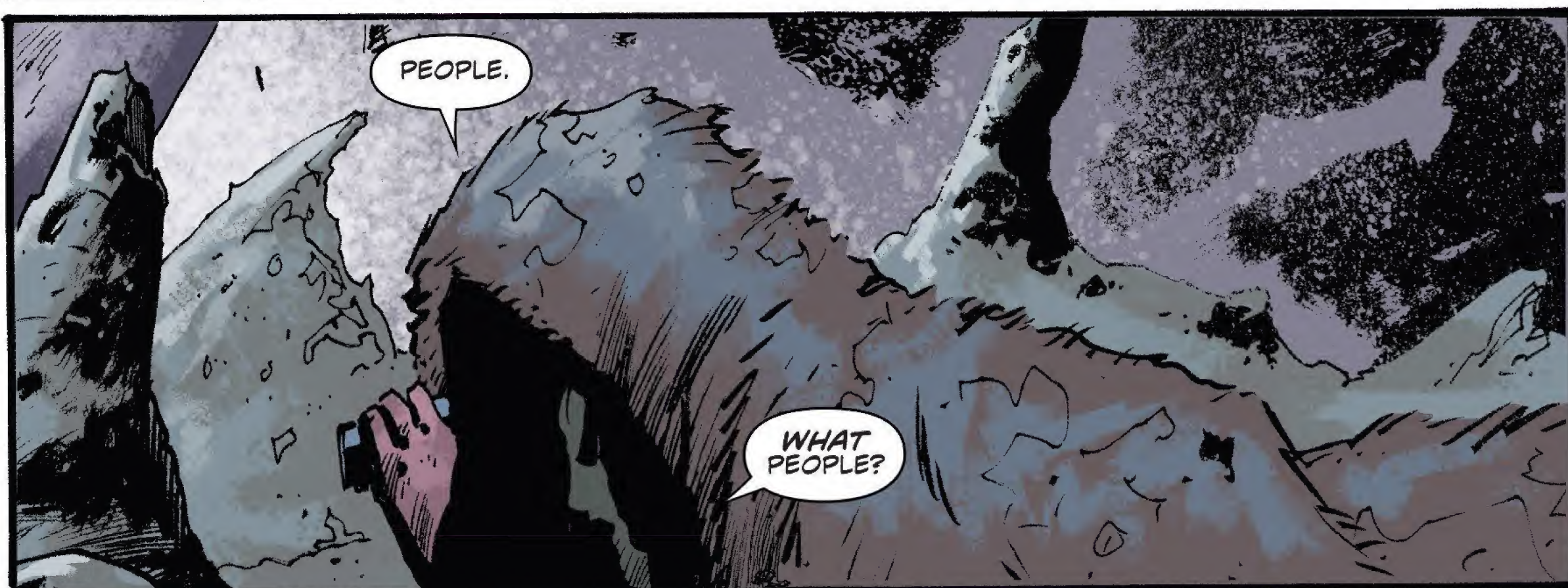




THAT'S  
RIGHT,  
AND THEN  
WE'LL --

SHIT.

WHAT?



PEOPLE.

WHAT  
PEOPLE?



"GOD DAMN  
PEOPLE. GETTING  
OFF THE SHIP."

"ARE YOU  
SHITTING ME?"

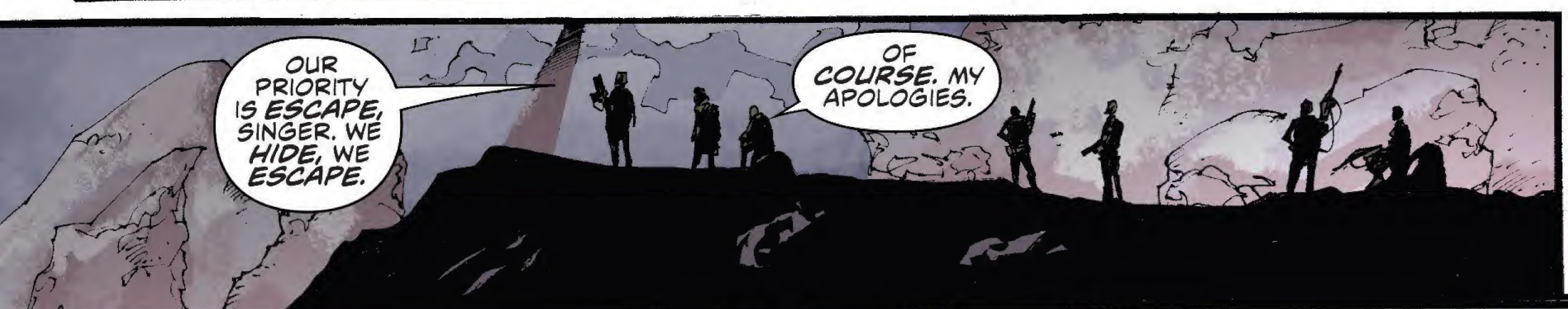
"SWEAR TO GOD. I COUNT  
SEVEN -- NO, EIGHT. THEY  
LOOK LIKE...JESUS, THEY'RE  
COLONIAL MARINES."



"MARINES?  
SERIOUSLY?  
WHAT ARE  
THEY DOING?"

"THEY'RE *RUNNING*.  
RUNNING FOR COVER,  
AWAY FROM THE SHIP.  
OH, CHRIST! NOT THAT  
WAY, YOU IDIOTS..."







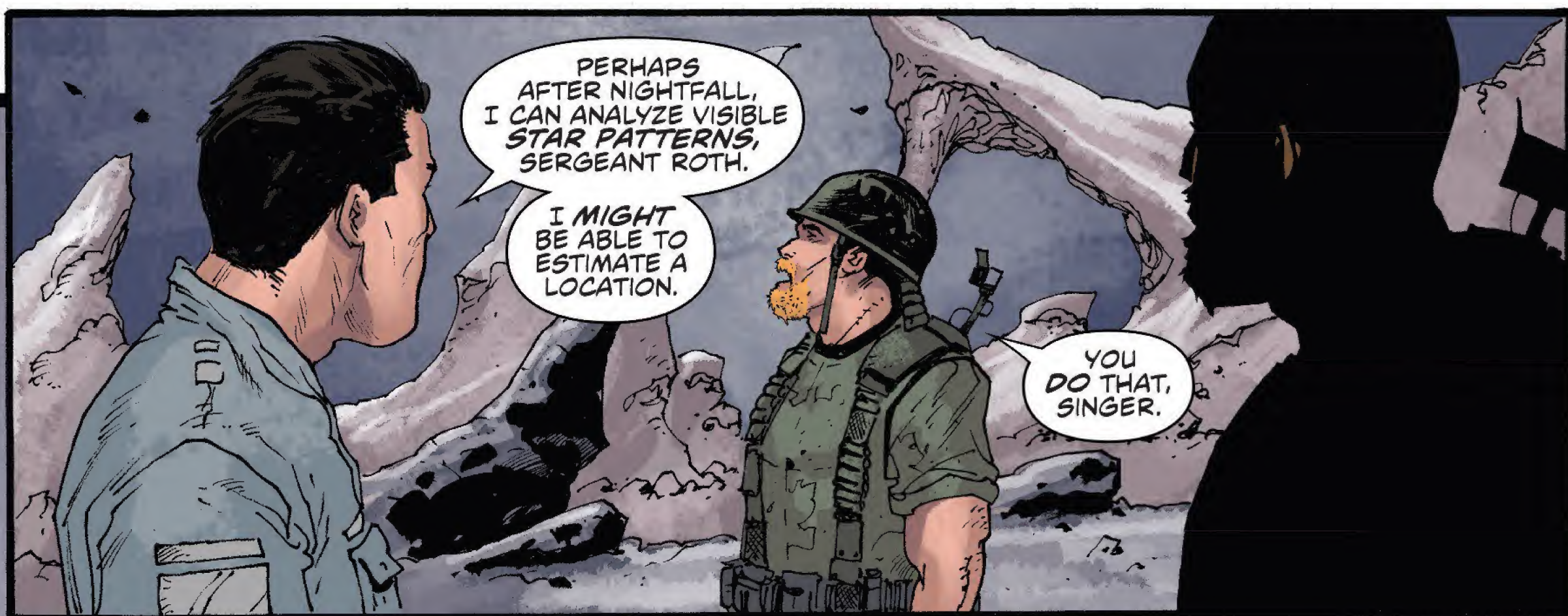


THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO WAY OF TELLING HOW FAR WE'VE TRAVELED IN SIX DAYS. OR IN WHAT DIRECTION.

WE JUST DON'T KNOW ANY OF THE VARIABLES.

NO SHIT.

THAT'S ENOUGH, JHALIL.



PERHAPS AFTER NIGHTFALL, I CAN ANALYZE VISIBLE STAR PATTERNS, SERGEANT ROTH.

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO ESTIMATE A LOCATION.

YOU DO THAT, SINGER.



WE NEED WATER, FOOD, SHELTER, AND SAFE PERIMETER--

THANKS FOR TELLING ME MY JOB, MELVILLE, ASS--

WHOA, SERGEANT. I WAS ONLY--



MY BAD. NO EXCUSE FOR SNAPPING.

IT'S JUST RELIEF. WE GOT OUT OF THERE. IT'S UNDERSTANDABLE.

NO. INEXCUSABLE. I'M USCM.

THAT'S JUST A BADGE, ROTH. I KNOW.

I USED TO WEAR IT MYSELF.





EVERYBODY UP. I WANT TO GET A GOOD COUPLE OF KLICKS FROM THAT SHIP.

RUCKER? FREEBODY? TAKE POINT.

GOT IT, SARGE.

CONSERVE AMMO, OKAY?



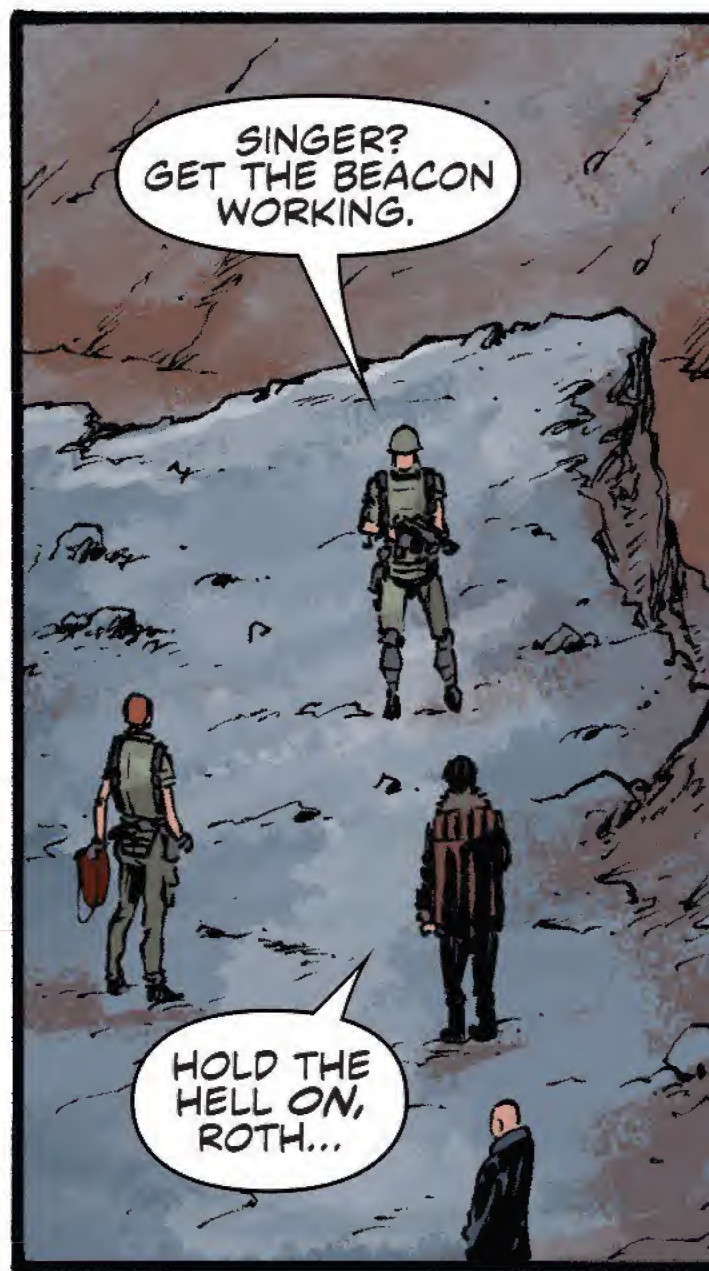
WEARING? JHALIL? BREAK OUT THE TESTER PACKS.

WE FIND WATER OR ANYTHING THAT LOOKS EDIBLE, WE RUN SAMPLES. PRIORITY.

THAT INCLUDE WILDLIFE, SARGE?



LET'S HOPE THERE ISN'T ANY WILDLIFE.



SINGER? GET THE BEACON WORKING.

HOLD THE HELL ON, ROTH...

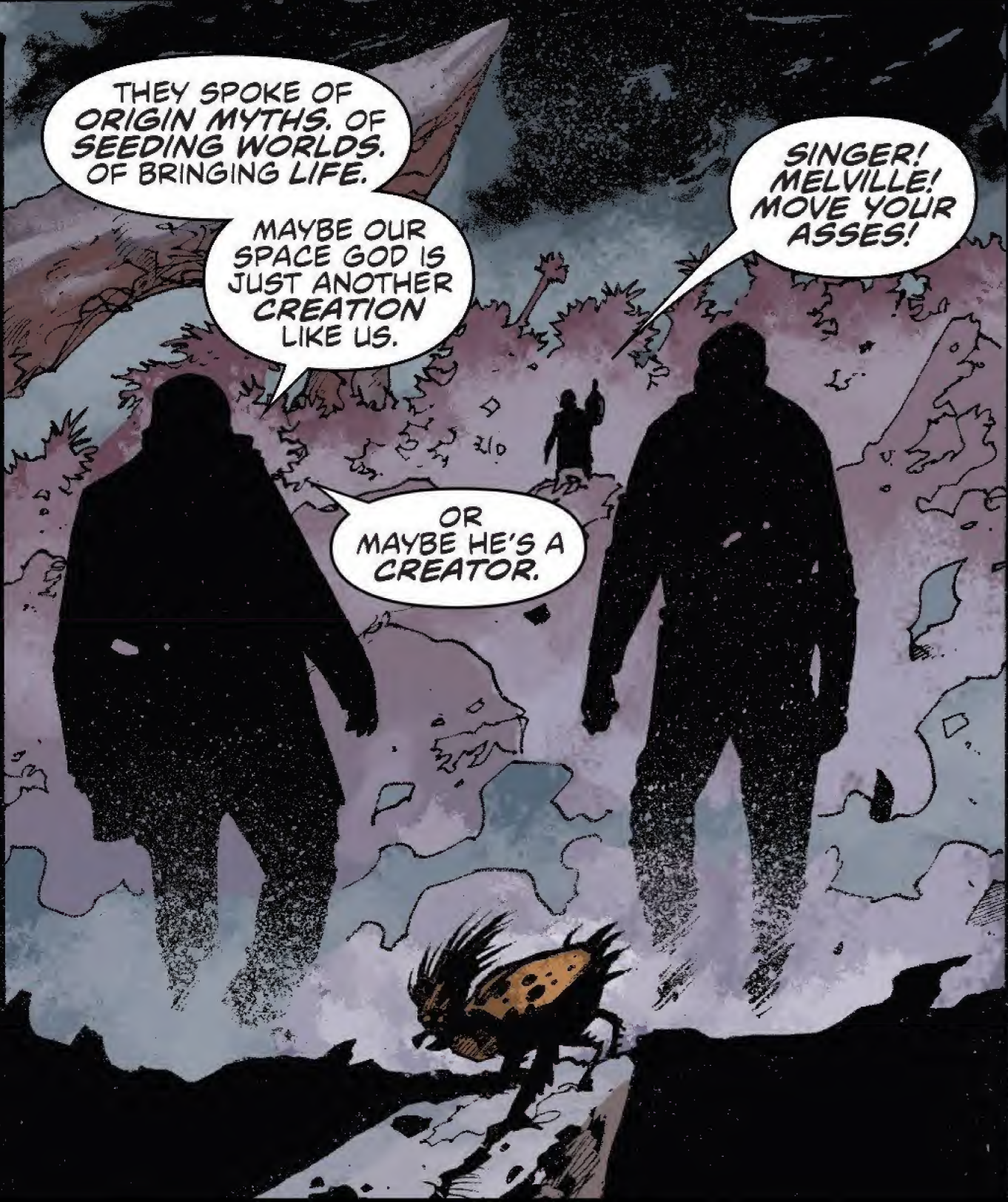
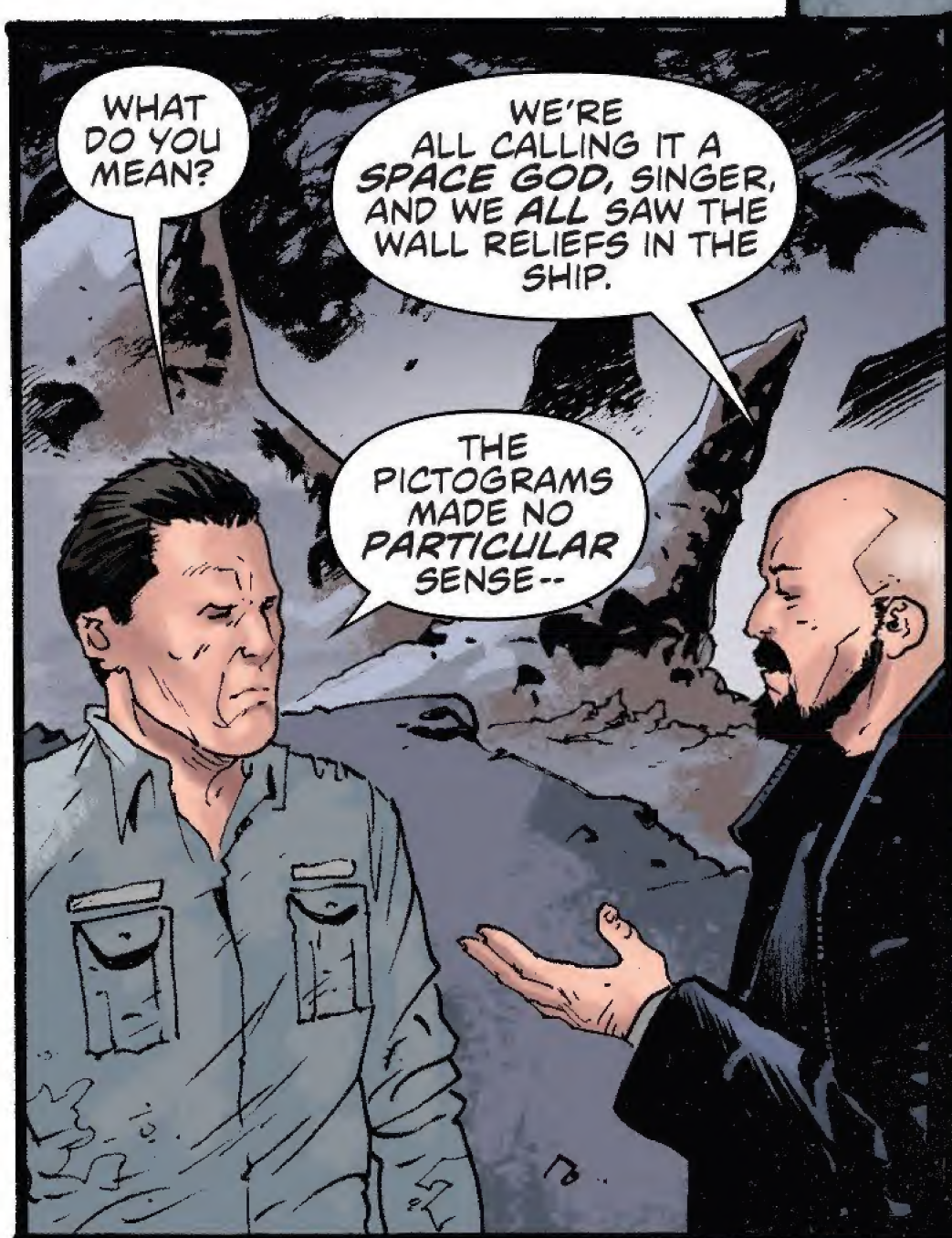
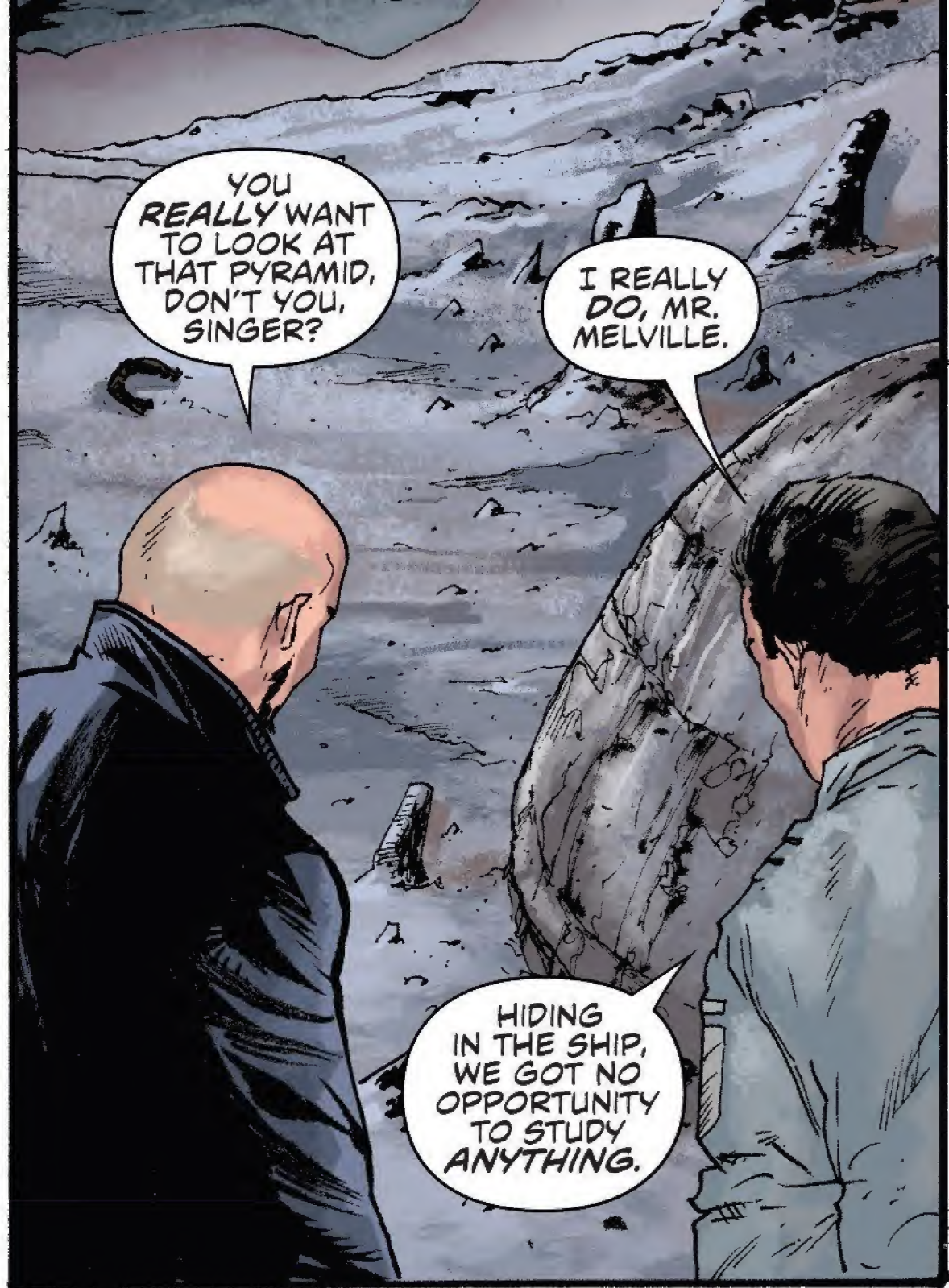


YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT THAT GOD DAMN SPACE GOD SO MUCH, THAT FREAK'S GONNA HEAR A BEACON.

PAGET WILL HAVE BROUGHT THE SHIP AFTER US. I KNOW SHE WILL.

SHE WON'T FIND US WITHOUT A BEACON.



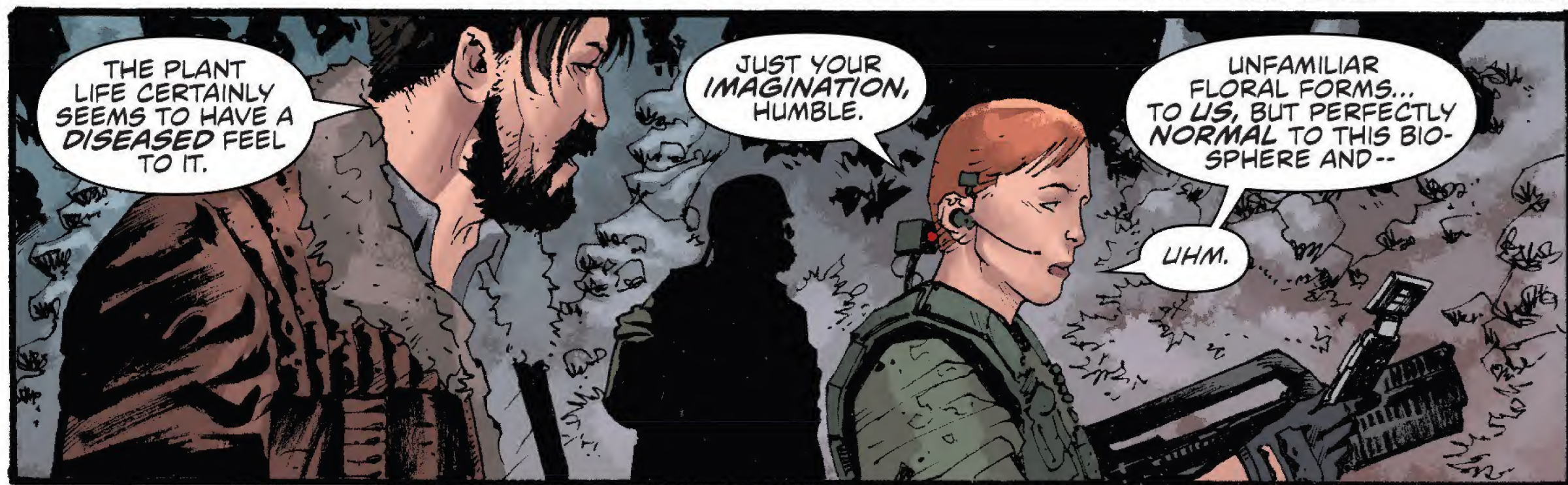






WOW,  
THIS PLACE IS  
A HOLE.

EVERYTHING  
SEEMS SO SICK.  
IT'S CREEPY.



THE PLANT  
LIFE CERTAINLY  
SEEMS TO HAVE A  
DISEASED FEEL  
TO IT.

JUST YOUR  
IMAGINATION,  
HUMBLE.

UNFAMILIAR  
FLORAL FORMS...  
TO US, BUT PERFECTLY  
NORMAL TO THIS BIO-  
SPHERE AND--

UHM.



"UHM,"  
WEARING?

TOXIC.

I MEAN  
COMPLETELY  
TOXIC.



WE'RE  
GOING TO  
STARVE.

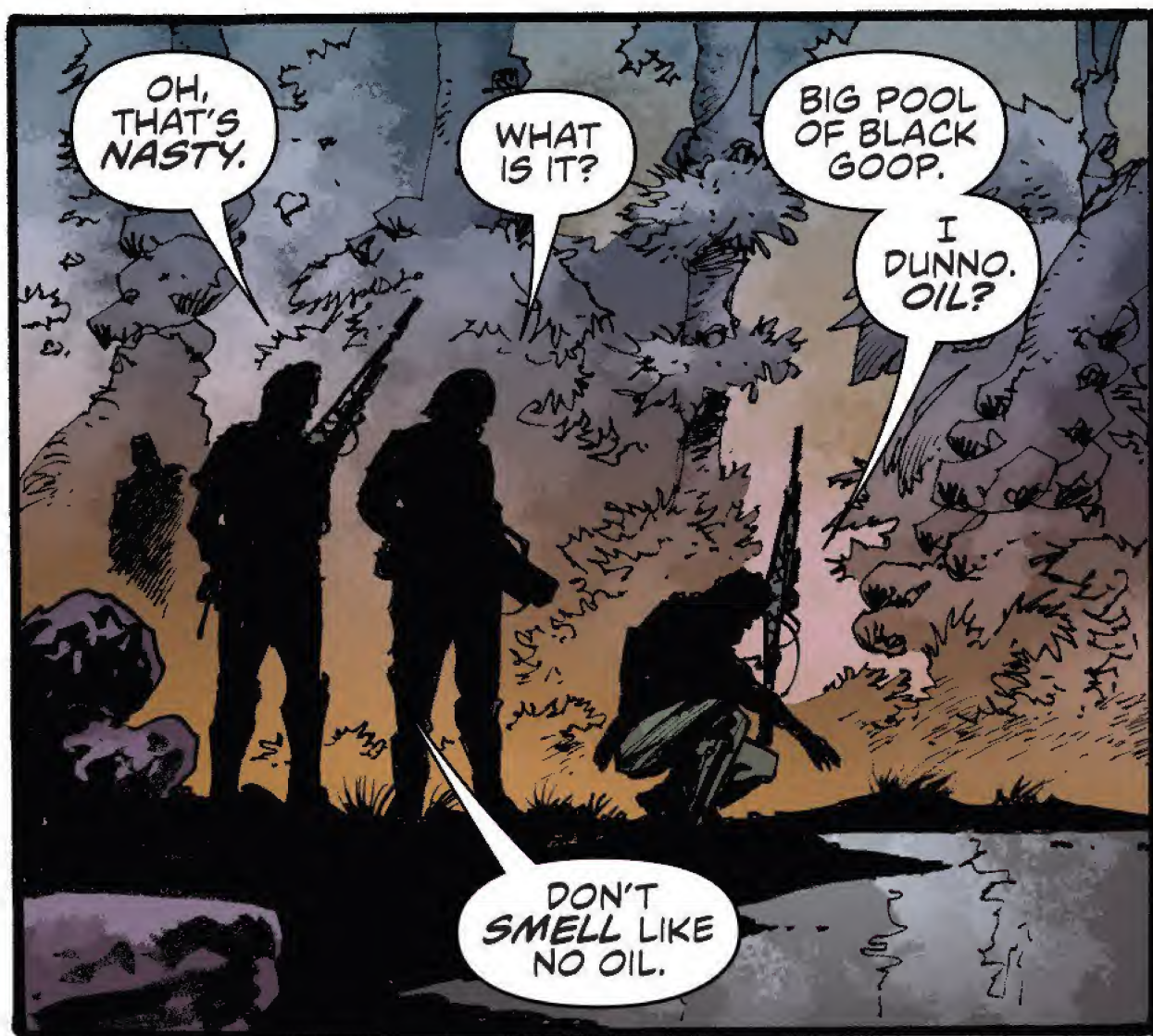


GET OFF,  
HUMBLE.

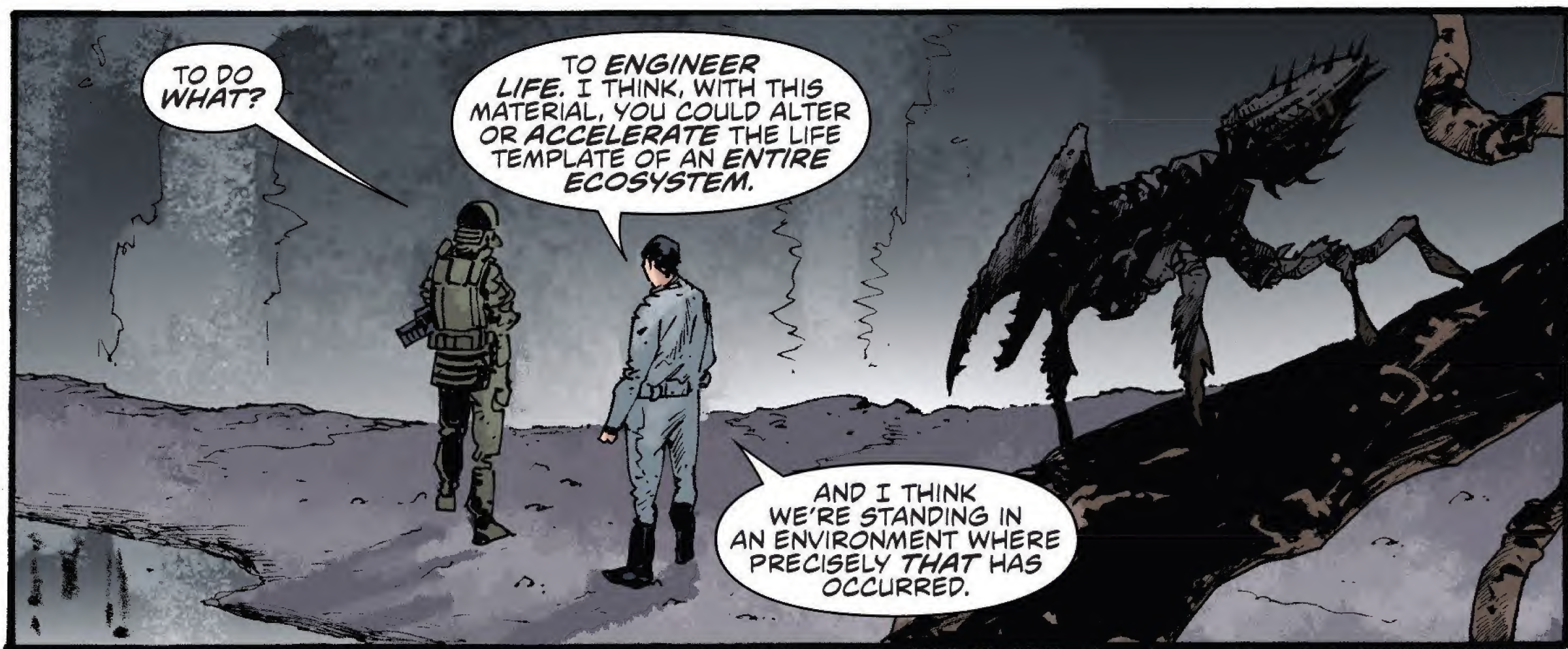
SO  
PULL AWAY  
FROM ME.

OR TAKE  
SOME DAMN  
COMFORT  
WHEN IT'S  
OFFERED.









TO DO WHAT?

TO ENGINEER LIFE. I THINK, WITH THIS MATERIAL, YOU COULD ALTER OR ACCELERATE THE LIFE TEMPLATE OF AN ENTIRE ECOSYSTEM.

AND I THINK WE'RE STANDING IN AN ENVIRONMENT WHERE PRECISELY THAT HAS OCCURRED.



SO THAT STUFF...IS IN EVERYTHING?

YES. EVERYONE MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET ANY ON YOU.

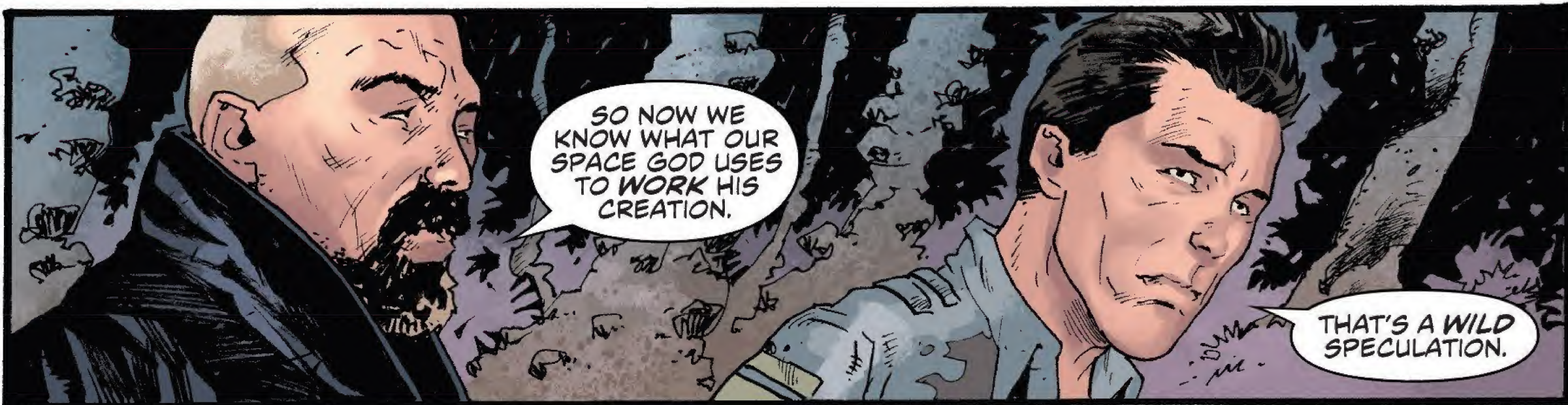
ROGER FREAKIN' THAT!



IF WE FIND A WATER SOURCE, CAN YOU...RIG UP PURIFICATION? I MEAN, EXTRACT THIS CRAP FROM IT?

I CAN TRY, SERGEANT.

TRY REAL HARD OR WE'LL BE DEAD IN A DAY.



SO NOW WE KNOW WHAT OUR SPACE GOD USES TO WORK HIS CREATION.

THAT'S A WILD SPECULATION.



NO, JUST A LEAP OF FAITH.





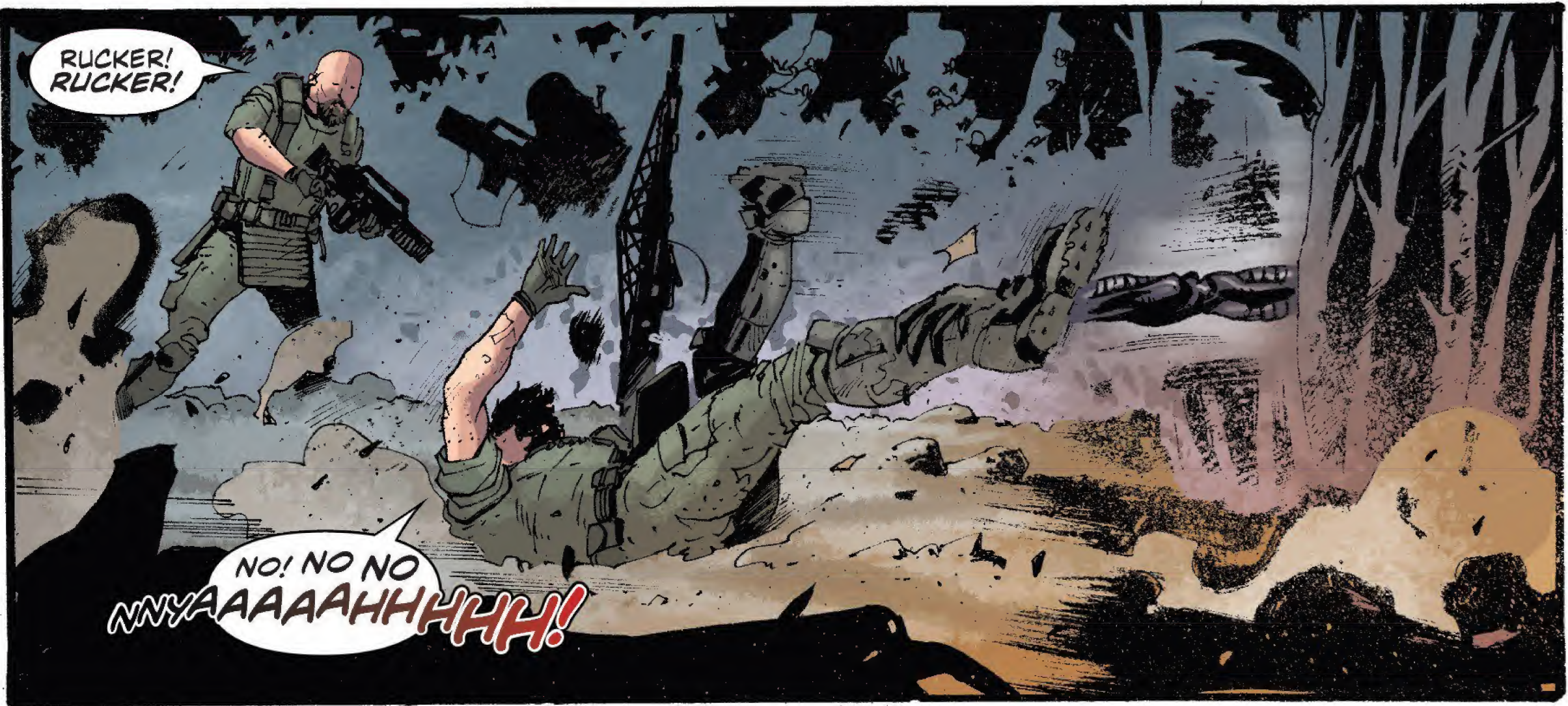
SOMETHING IN THE THICKET.







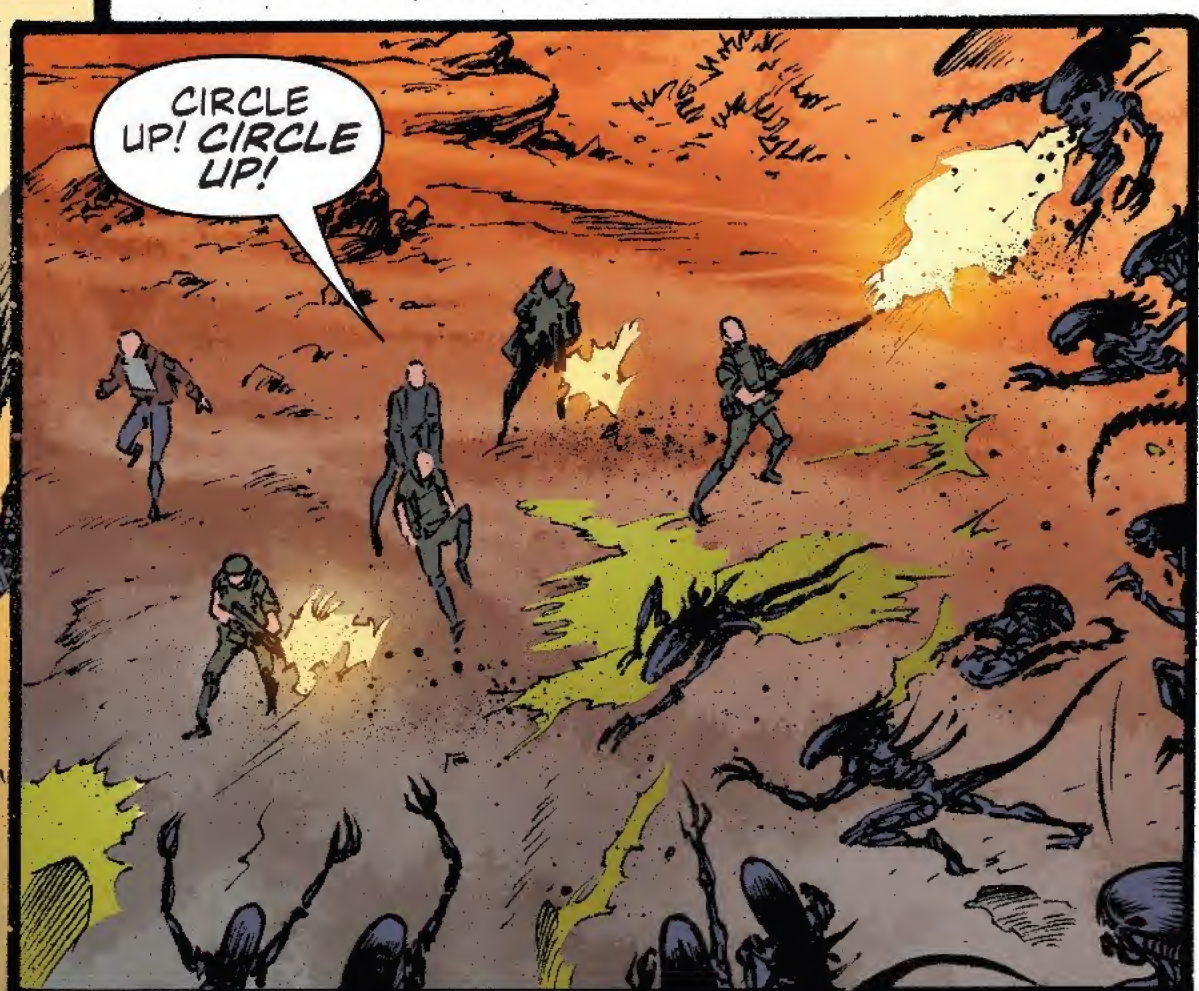
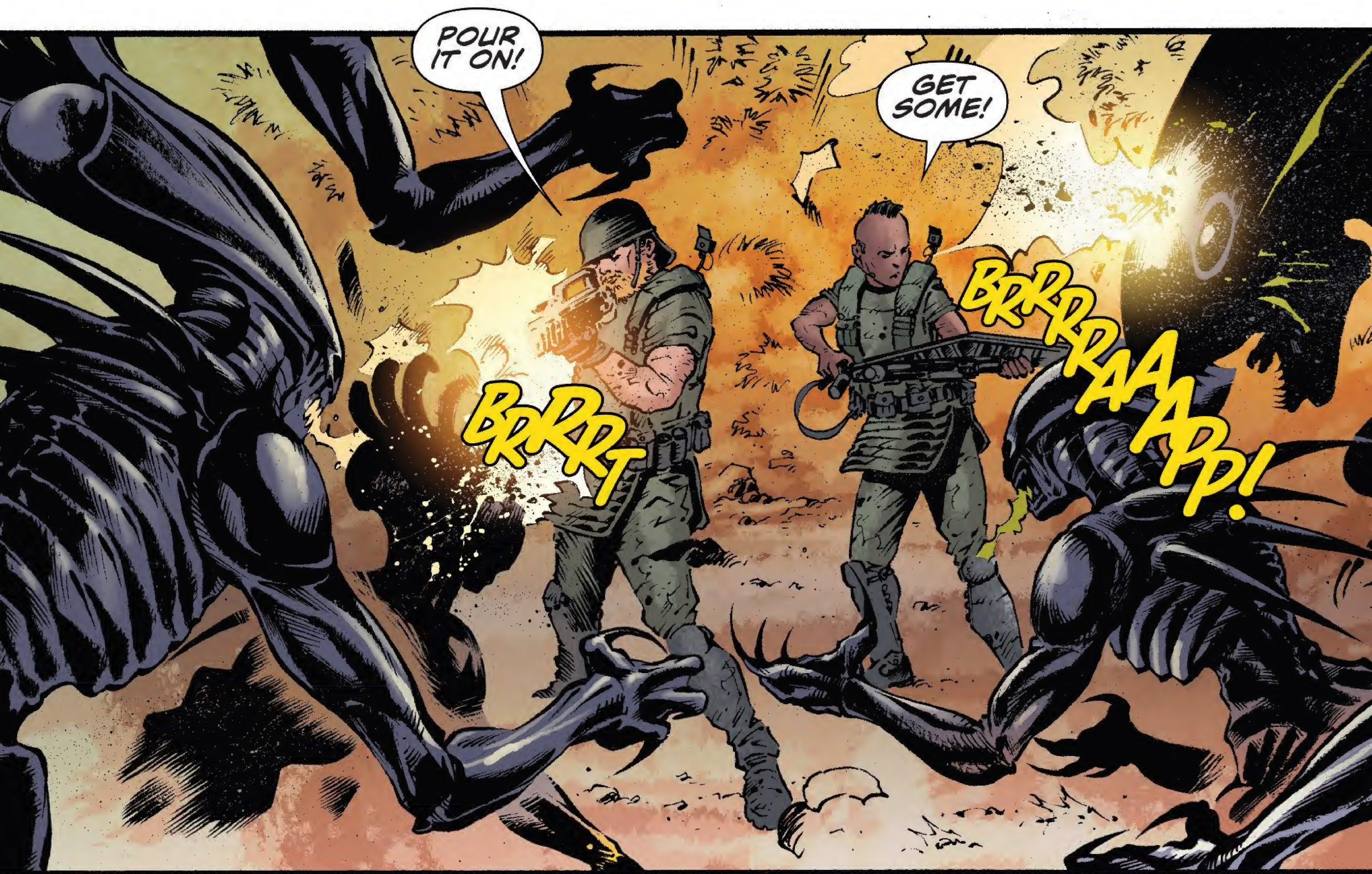
























CLEAR!

THAT SHOULD HOLD 'EM OFF FOR A FEW MINUTES.

THEY DON'T LIKE THE TASTE OF THIS.



GET UP. GET READY TO MOVE.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I'M GALGO.

INTRODUCTIONS CAN WAIT. WE'RE IN THE HORNETS' NEST HERE.



ACID SPLASH. I SAY DITCH HIM.

NO.

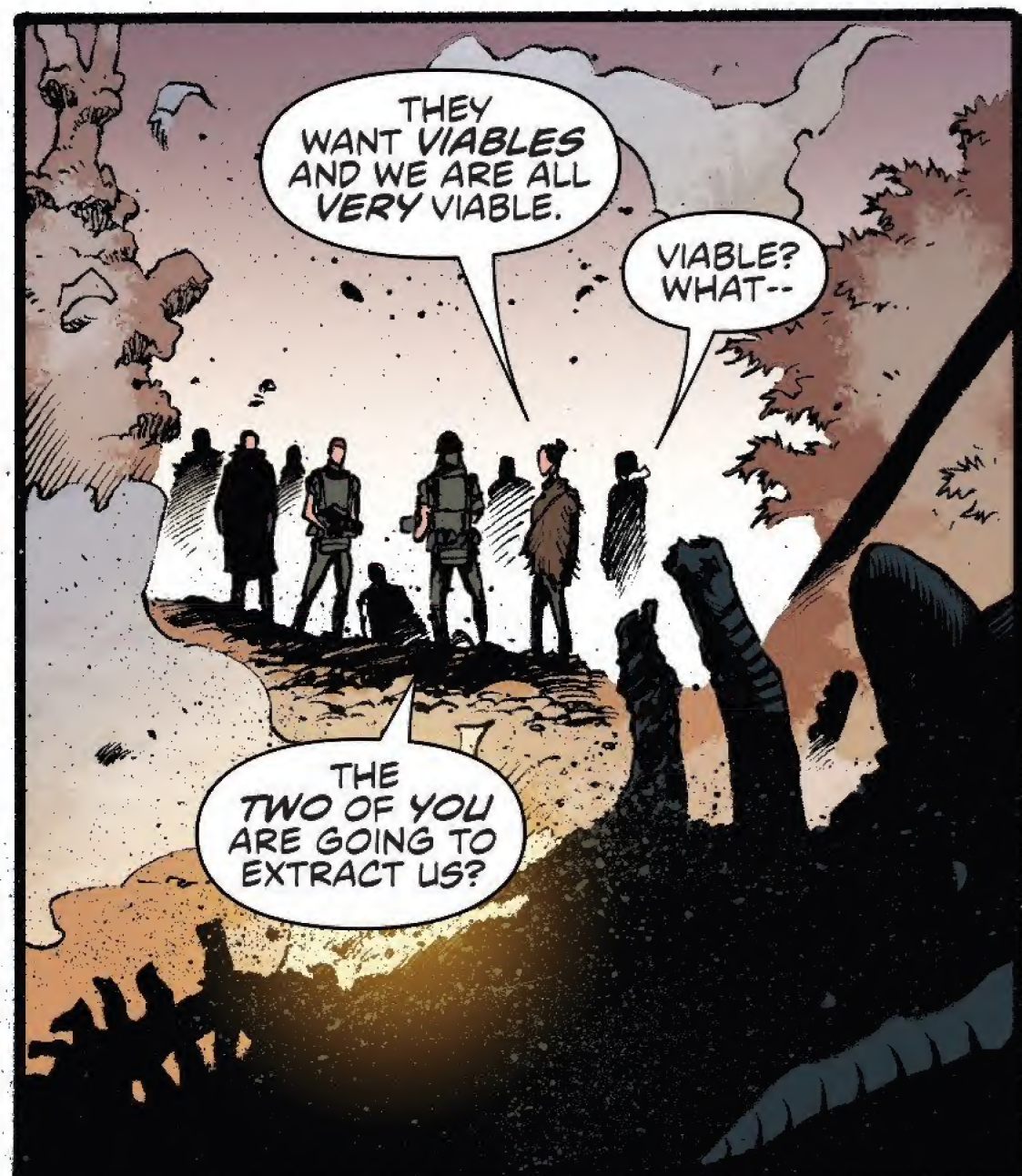
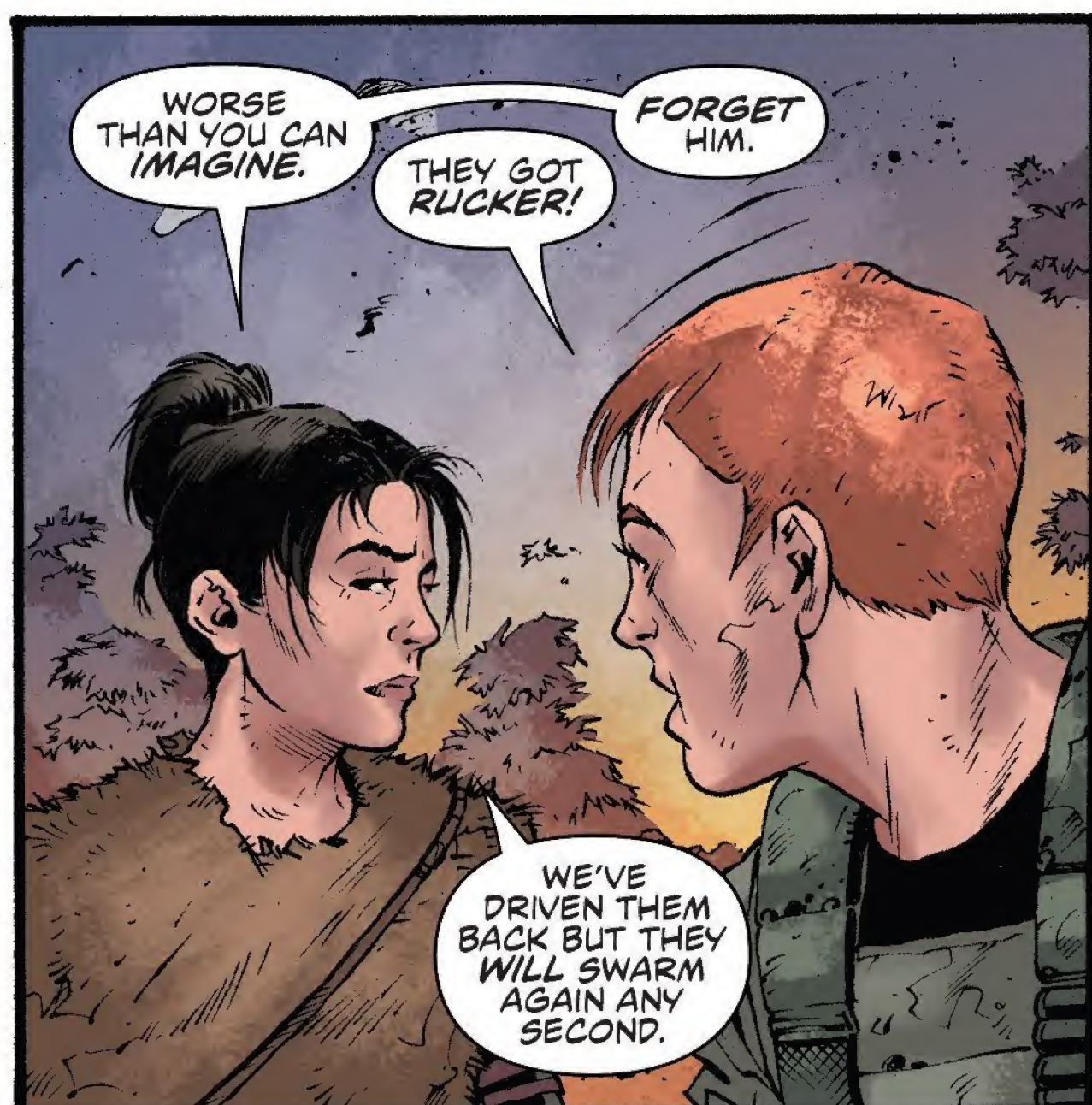
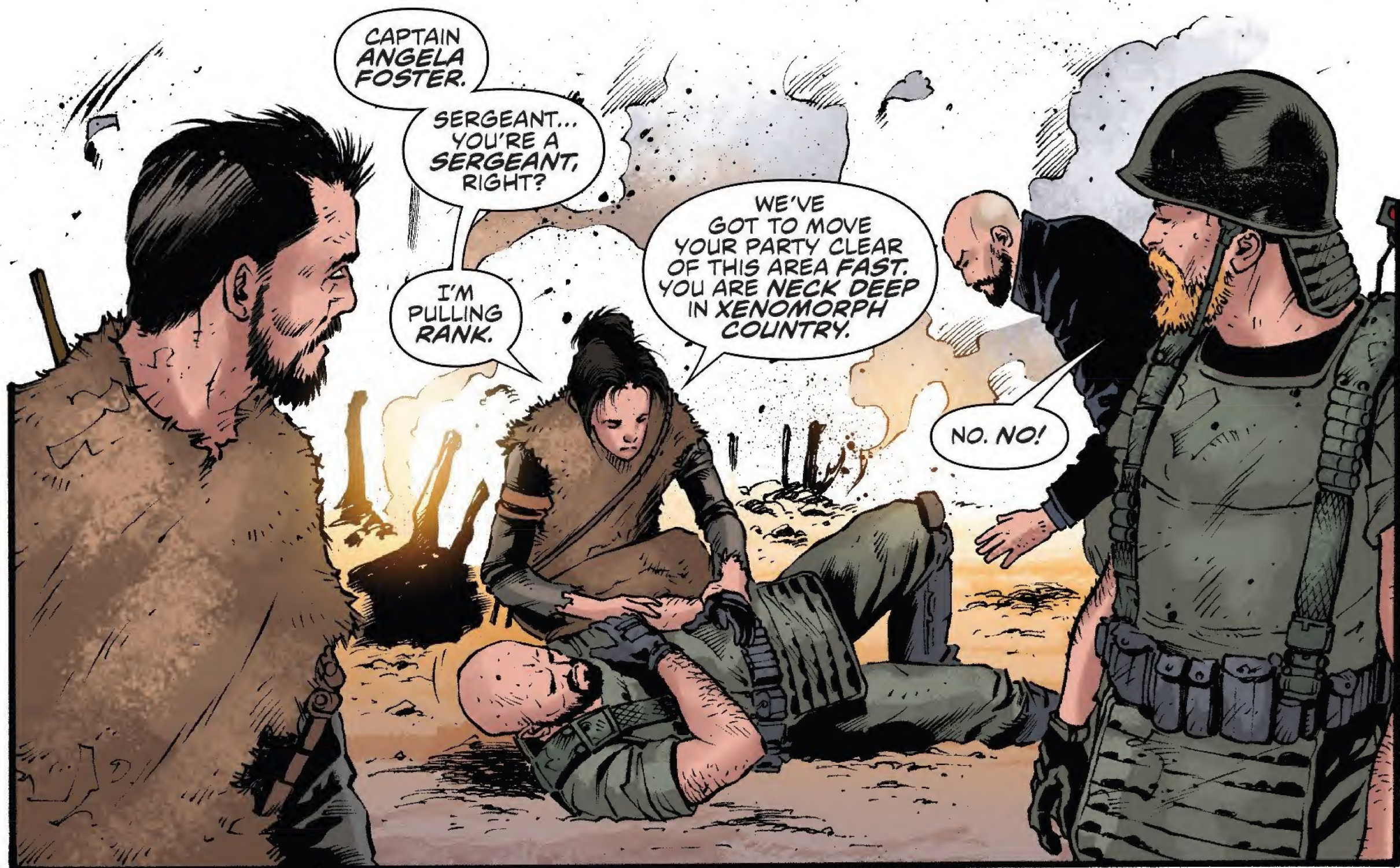


STAY STILL, FRIEND. THIS IS GOING TO HURT, BUT IT WILL NEUTRALIZE THE ACID.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU PEOPLE?

NYEEEEAAAGGHHH...









WE HAVE  
BACKUP.

SO LET'S  
MOVE.

OH MY  
GOD.

YOU HAVE  
GOT TO BE  
OUT OF YOUR  
MINDS...

MORE INSANITY IN THIRTY DAYS!



L I F E   A N D   D E A T H

# P R O M E T H E U S <sup>TM</sup>



*Next issue: **Two gods are worse than one!***

On sale August 10!